



The beers are good, but I fear the precipitation.



Chaz

 [cvillette](#)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>

2008-05-16 19:49:00

MOOD: 🤪 weird

MUSIC: Eighties music over the restaurant sound system

- +Dinner with awesome friends
- +Beers and cheese munchie platters with onion jam and candied pecans
- +Daylight until 8:15
- Rain now
- Rain tomorrow?
- Rain on Sunday too?

Well, drat. I think I'll try to drag the Harpy outside tomorrow if it's at all nice, and go into work on Sunday, which looks like more of a sure thing for rain.

This time next week, I will be in Texas. Looking for ~~Birkenstock Girls. Or maybe Cowboy Boot Girls.~~ cool new indie music acts.

::bounce::

I hope it's *hot*. I need more suntan.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.



 [txanne](#)

[May 17 2008, 00:28:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

TEXAS? OMG REALLY? SRSLY??? BECAUSE OMG YAY ME TOO!!!

I even own a pair of cowboy boots.

And I think I promised you dinner, didn't I? How's barbecue sound?



 [cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 00:35:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

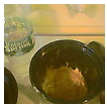
I'm only going to be in state for three and a half days--I'm going to Kerrville for the long weekend. Is that anywhere near you?



 [txanne](#)

[May 17 2008, 00:42:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

3 hrs from where I live, 1.5 from Austin, where I'll be Friday. I can't really skip church Sunday, unfortunately--we're singing something in French, I'm the resident expert, and we are *sadly* underrehearsed....But yeah, I can do something Saturday.



 [cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 00:48:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Do you live near Dallas? Because I'm flying home from Dallas late Monday. I'll have a rental, and we could do early dinner Monday night. (Even though I'm not sure driving through Waco isn't bad juju for somebody in my line of work!)

Or Saturday night in Austin I could do.

You pick the barbecue place and I'll find the directions.



 [txanne](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:04:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Heh. That place to which you refer? Is as far away from Waco as That Stupid Brush-Cutting Man's Stupid Ranch, which gets its own dateline in the papers. Longtime Waco residents turn purple about that, not that I blame them.

I'm 90 min away from Dallas. I don't know where the good barbecue is there, but I do know good places in Austin. There's this place called Ruby's not far from campus where they'll barbecue *anything*. My email is my lj username at earthlink dot net.



 [txanne](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:05:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hey wait. Don't you work with a guy from Dallas? We'll go where he says.



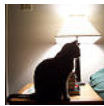
 [cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:13:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, but he hasn't lived there in years. I wouldn't trust me to find food in Vegas anymore, either.

Ruby's sounds awesome. Saturday night? I will drop you an email.

It'll have to be Birkenstocks--okay, Texas--for me, since I don't own cowboy boots. But if you can hold up that end, we're golden!



 [txanne](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:14:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

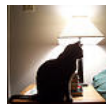
Cool!



 [cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:18:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Although you may want to rethink buying me dinner. I'm not, er, a cheap date.



 [txanne](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:20:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

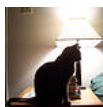
We'll see. When we discuss it, would you rather be the irresistible force or the immovable object?



 [cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:21:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

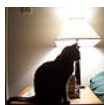
I'm more the wishy-washy waffling type....



 [txanne](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:26:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Which has its own peculiar strength.



 [txanne](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:18:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

This is where we're going: <http://rubysbbq.com/>



 [cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 01:21:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm already hungry!



[saoba](#)

[May 17 2008, 10:03:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Um, dude, you're always hungry. That's how I know it's you when I'm skimming my FL and don't process user icons. You're either hungry or you're climbing something. Other friends are either talking about textile arts or pet rats or medieval history. It's how I orient myself in LJspace, topic and writing style.

But enjoy your music and your BBQ *pauses to be grateful there is actually a decent pulled pork sammich available in the Pacific Northwest, and it's walking distance from my house!* and meeting [txanne](#) because I haven't seen her in waaaay too long. She's good people.

Hot. Is hot here. Is hot in Texas, so I say unto you, hydrate hydrate hydrate! And sunscreen. If you don't need it you can offer it, politely, to attractive but slightly crispy fair attendees, which is a handy icebreaker for a converstaion. Something to keep the sun off your head. And be wary, there are plants in Texas whot bite. (typoed: pants. *snrch*)

(I was campmistress at too many Texas events, as you can plainly tell. I'll stop now.)



[cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 10:09:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hey. I am from the Mojave. A little faith, please?



[saoba](#)

[May 17 2008, 10:28:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'll stop now, really. I was playing Mother duck at a band gig all evening and it's hard to turn it off. *Where are the mic cables? Did lead singer bring her lyric crib sheets? If we're going on in ten it must be time to track down the bass player- scan the bar for the booth with at least two women listening to a guy talk music, approach quietly and murmur **five minute warning** in his ear.*

But I'm for bed now.



[cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 10:32:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You are like the best den mother ever, and I should not be prickly at you. Especially since lots of people are idiots in deserts. (Maybe if we sent all the idiots to deserts there would be fewer idiots?) I'm sorry.

Sleep well.

I hope it was a good gig!



[saoba](#)

[May 17 2008, 10:55:46 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It was a pretty good gig, actually. And compared to musicians setting up for a gig in a newish venue you weren't prickly at all. No blood, no foul.

*I do tend to den mother. It's one of my sekrit super powers. I also will honor, cheerfully, any and all requests to knock it the hell off.

Idiots to deserts; sounds like a band name.



[txanne](#)

[May 17 2008, 00:43:45 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Furthermore: holy crap, is it Folk Festival time already? Jeez.



[cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 00:48:52 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

For the win!



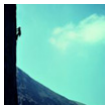
[lady_insanity](#)

[May 17 2008, 02:59:09 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Well, if Texas is anything like California weather-wise this time of year, it should be plenty hot.

(Umm, hi, I'm Shira, and I found you through [matociquala](#). I hope you don't mind terribly that I friended you.)



[cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 03:04:39 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hi!



[beatriceeagle](#)

[May 17 2008, 03:15:25 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Vacation approaches!

initiates countdown



[cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 04:01:25 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

What? You didn't start counting when it was still in triple digits? Your self-control is mightier than mine. *g*



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[May 17 2008, 04:05:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, I always wait a while to start countdowns. Who can keep track, that far ahead? (The answer, I'm sure, is that you can.)



 [cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 04:31:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'll count for you, if you ever need it!



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[May 17 2008, 04:38:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Thank you! Next year, you can count the days until I graduate. Because otherwise I'll be forced to make a gigantic wall chart, and I'll forget to cross off the days.



 [saoba](#)

[May 17 2008, 10:05:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You could poke around for one of those countdown bar widgets. They track it for you and fill up the bar.



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[May 17 2008, 13:21:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It just doesn't have the same atmosphere as a GIGANTIC SHEET OF PAPER taking up your wall with little numbers all over it.



 [saoba](#)

[May 17 2008, 17:33:36 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No, it doesn't, that's very true. I tend to be short on wallspace not covered in bookshelves or art, so the appeal of the gigantic sheet of paper is somewhat thwarted by the 'but where would I put it?'.



 [beatriceeagle](#)

[May 17 2008, 20:05:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I know exactly where I'm putting mine. There's a stretch of wall next to my bed which is too narrow for a shelf, and it only has one thing tacked to it, which I can easily move. It's gonna be *great*.



 [mattador](#)

[May 17 2008, 04:07:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

What do you do to make onion jam? Is it like a fruit jam, only with onions, or is it something else?

Because dang, that sounds good.

And hi! I'm Matt- I heard there was a lot of good cooking on this journal and couldn't resist.



 [cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 10:07:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hey! It is exactly like a fruit jam only with onions.

...Am I developing a rep, here? Should I be worried?



 [mattador](#)

[May 17 2008, 13:28:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, the calorie count, when you track it, suggests you eat more than I did in high school, when I had to eat four or more meals a day just to keep from losing weight. That's what I heard first. Then I heard about the shoggoth... then about the recipes.

So, yes. But it's an impressive and (I think) positive reputation!



 [cvillette](#)

[May 17 2008, 13:33:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Recipes are life!

I have a metabolic thing--I have to eat like a pig, or I dry up and blow away. It sounds like fun until you try to live with it... or pay the grocery bills. 0.0




 [mattador](#)

[May 17 2008, 13:44:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Looking at the way my grocery bills are now- with a metabolism that more or less mellowed out- I think I can agree with you there.

I keep trying to remember to post more recipes in my journal, but it always slips my mind.



 [rickybuchanan](#)

[May 17 2008, 09:26:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

“-Rain now

-Rain tomorrow?

-Rain on Sunday too?”

looks utterly baffled

You've never lived anywhere there's long-term drought, have you? It's raining here right now and I've been deliriously happily listening to it drum on the window panes all afternoon. It's brilliant.



 [cvillette](#)

May 17 2008, 10:06:23 UTC

Edited: May 17 2008, 10:11:16 UTC

COLLAPSE

Hello! Desert rat?

What kind of idiot builds a city in a swamp, anyway? Rain is for ducks.

Here, I'll ship you all this rain, and you can listen to it drum on windows all you like.



 [saoba](#)

May 17 2008, 10:19:48 UTC

COLLAPSE

I'll be in the chase car with the hamper the size of Lichtenstien. Sammichs, fruit, water and other potables. I bet flying loop de loops with that thing makes a person a touch peckish uupon landing.



 [cvillette](#)

May 17 2008, 10:24:06 UTC

COLLAPSE

Wooo!

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.